
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
No. 1
OCT-NOV.
10¢
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC
THAT THING! THAT SLITHERING BLOB COMING TOWARD US!
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S MELVIN!



Greetings, you MAD readers! You're now holding in your MAD hands the very first MAD issue of MAD!

For us, the editors, this is a great occasion . . . for in the next few moments, you will be one of the many who are deciding the fate of MAD all over the country.

Many months ago, we had a meeting in the New York offices of Entertaining Comics. We decided we wanted to add another mag to our line . . . so we met behind locked doors to figure out what our new book would be. Well, we looked through our mail for a lead . . . we thumbed through our idea files . . . we paced the floor, beat our heads against the wall, and bit off all our fingernails! Should we do another war mag? No! Plenty of them on the stands already! Another science-fiction book? Nah! Market is filled to capacity! A horror book? Nyeh! Far too many of them around! Romance? Adventure? Western? Nope . . . nope . . . nope! We were tired of the war, ragged from the science-fiction, weary of the horror. Then it hit us! Why not do a complete about-face? A change of pace! A comic book! Not a serious comic book . . . but a COMIC comic book! Not a floppity rabbit, giggily girl, anarchist teen-age type comic book . . . but a comic mag based on the short story type of wild adventure that you seem to like so well. THAT WAS IT! Immediately we leaped to our typewriters, our drawing boards, and our india ink . . . we worked like a crew of inspired demons! In no time at all, MAD was born.

You are now holding our dream child in your hands. We had a swell time creating MAD . . . and we hope that MAD will have a long successful life. But you, the reader, will decide that!

All right! We've said our piece. Now read! Enjoy yourself! When you're through with MAD, we'd like to know what you think of it. Any suggestions or criticisms you have to make will be greatly appreciated. Subscriptions to MAD, as to any other E.C. mag, will set you back 75c for six issues . . . full year's output! The address for letters or subscriptions is:

The Editors
MAD
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette Street
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

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TERROR DEPT.! PLEASE! WE WARN YOU! DO NOT READ THIS STORY! THROW THIS COMIC BOOK AWAY BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!... VERY WELL, RASH FOOL! READ ON! BUT REMEMBER! WE WARNED YOU! THERE ARE MANY THINGS NOT MEANT FOR THE EYES OF MAN! OOOHHEEEHEEEHEEE...
HOOHAH!
JACK DAVIS
NIGHT!... BLACK, WET, POURING NIGHT, WITH THE MUFFLED MONOTONOUS SIZZLE OF FAT RAINDROPS HITTING THE GROUND!
NIGHT... ROARING VELVETY NIGHT, PUNCTUATED BY BLUE-WHITE FLICKERING LIGHTNING AND BOWLING-BALL THUNDER!
NIGHT!... WHEN MEN SLEEP AND EVIL WAKES!... A BLACK SEDAN CAREENS THROUGH THE NIGHT, SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD!
1


GALUSHA! STOP SWERVING MADLY ON THE WET ROAD AND DRIVE WITH TWO HANDS! MUST YOU HUG ME ALL THE TIME?
I-I DON'T WANT HUGGIN,' DAPHNE! I JUST WANT PROTECTION!
KAPOKA
KAPOKA
KAFONK
FZZT
GALUSHA! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CAR?
UH-OH! LOOK AT THE GAS METER! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE OUT OF GAS!
UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN, EH, GALUSHA? WELL I'LL JUST GET OUT AND WALK!
HONEST, DAPHNE! NO GAS!
OUT OF GAS IN A RAINSTORM ON A DESERTED ROAD! HOW CONVENIENT, GALUSHA!
PLEASE, DAPH! HONEST!
MEN RESORT TO ANYTHING..! WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID! I'LL JUST WALK HOME...
CRAK
CRAK
KBLOW!
... A LITTLE LATER, MAYBE!
LISTEN, DAPHNE! WE NEED HELP! I'VE GOT TO GET A BUCKET SO'S I CAN GO TO A GAS STATION AND BRING SOME GASOLINE BACK!
SUPPOSE'N I GO TO THAT HOUSE UP ON THE HILL THERE AND SEE IF I CAN BORROW A BUCKET, JUST SUPPOSE'N!
THAT HOUSE... ON TOP OF THAT HILL! OH N-NO, NO, GALOSHA... I MEAN GALUSHA! NOT THAT HOUSE!
2

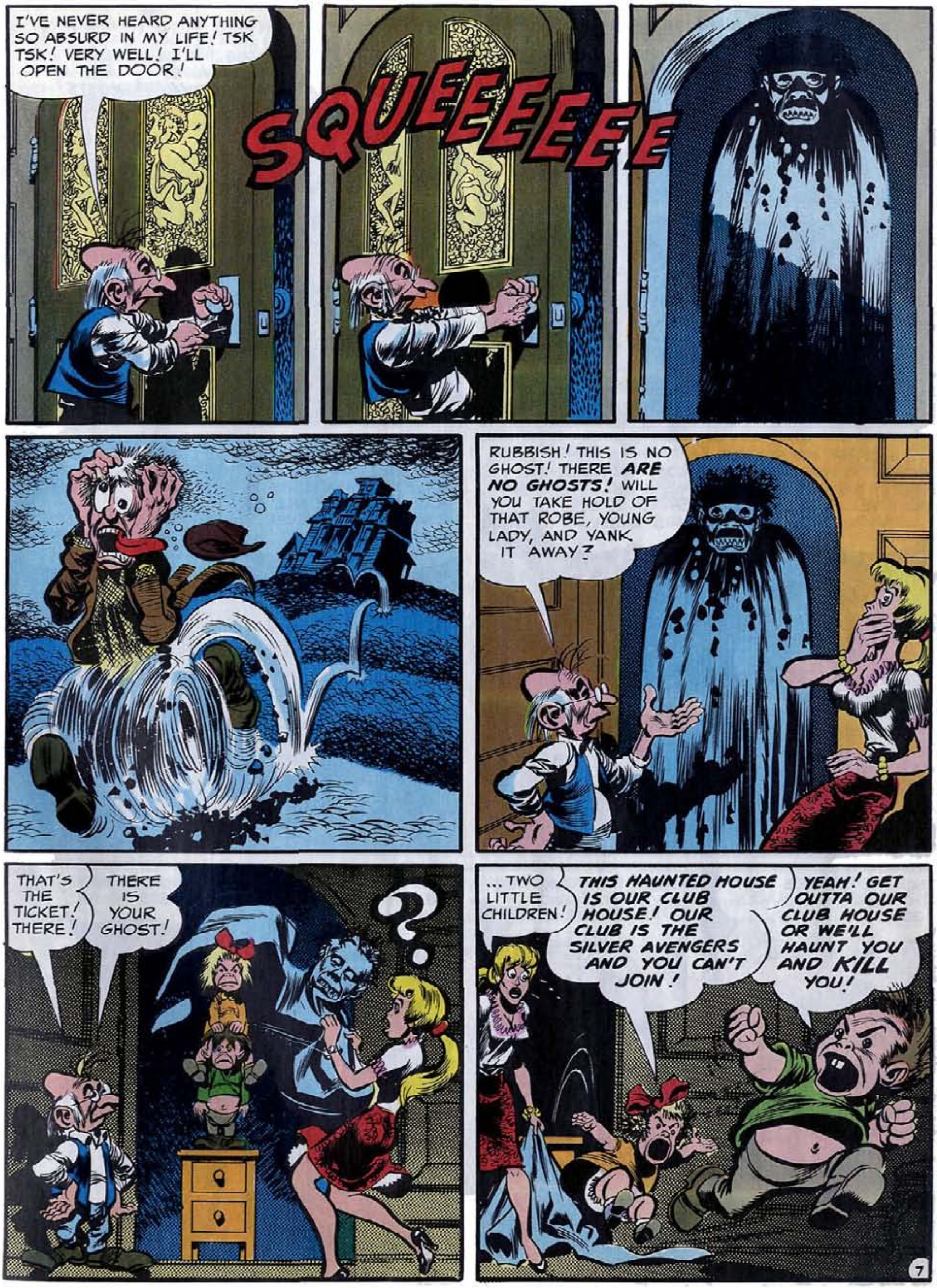

AHH, COME ON, DAPH! ALL I WANT IS A BUCKET!
GALUSHA! THAT'S THE BOGG HOUSE! THEY TELL MANY STORIES OF THE BOGG HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE!
STORIES OF TWO BROTHERS, GOG AND MAGOG BOGG WHO LIVED THERE ALONE! THEY HARDLY EVER LEFT THE MANSION! ONE DAY, GOG BOGG WAS FOUND UNDER A LOG, WITHOUT HIS HEAD!
MAGOG, WAS SUSPECTED AS THE MURDERER... WENT STARK RAVING INSANE! THEY SAY GOG'S HEAD IS STILL IN THE BOGG HOUSE... AND THEY SAY THAT GOG COMES LOOKING FOR IT EVERY NIGHT!
KLONK
BUT... WE DO NEED THAT GASOLINE BUCKET, EH, GALUSHA! I'LL KNOCK AND SEE IF ANYONE IS AT HOME!
KLONK
KLONK
KAWONK
WONK
WONK
WONK
SQUEEEEEEEAAWK!
WELL... THE DOOR IS OPEN, GALUSHA! LET'S GO INSIDE!
3



...DOESN'T SEEM LIKE ANYONE IS HERE!
HELLO!
HELLO!
HELLO! HELLO!
HELLO!
HELLO! HELLO!
ANYBODY HOME?
HOME? HOME?
HOME?
HOME?
HOME?
SQUEEK SQUAK
LISTEN! A SQUEEKING NOISE! C-COMING FROM THAT ROOM!
SOME-ONE OR SOME-THING... IS IN THAT ROOM!
SQEEK
SQUAK
SQEEK
SQUAK
SQEEK
4

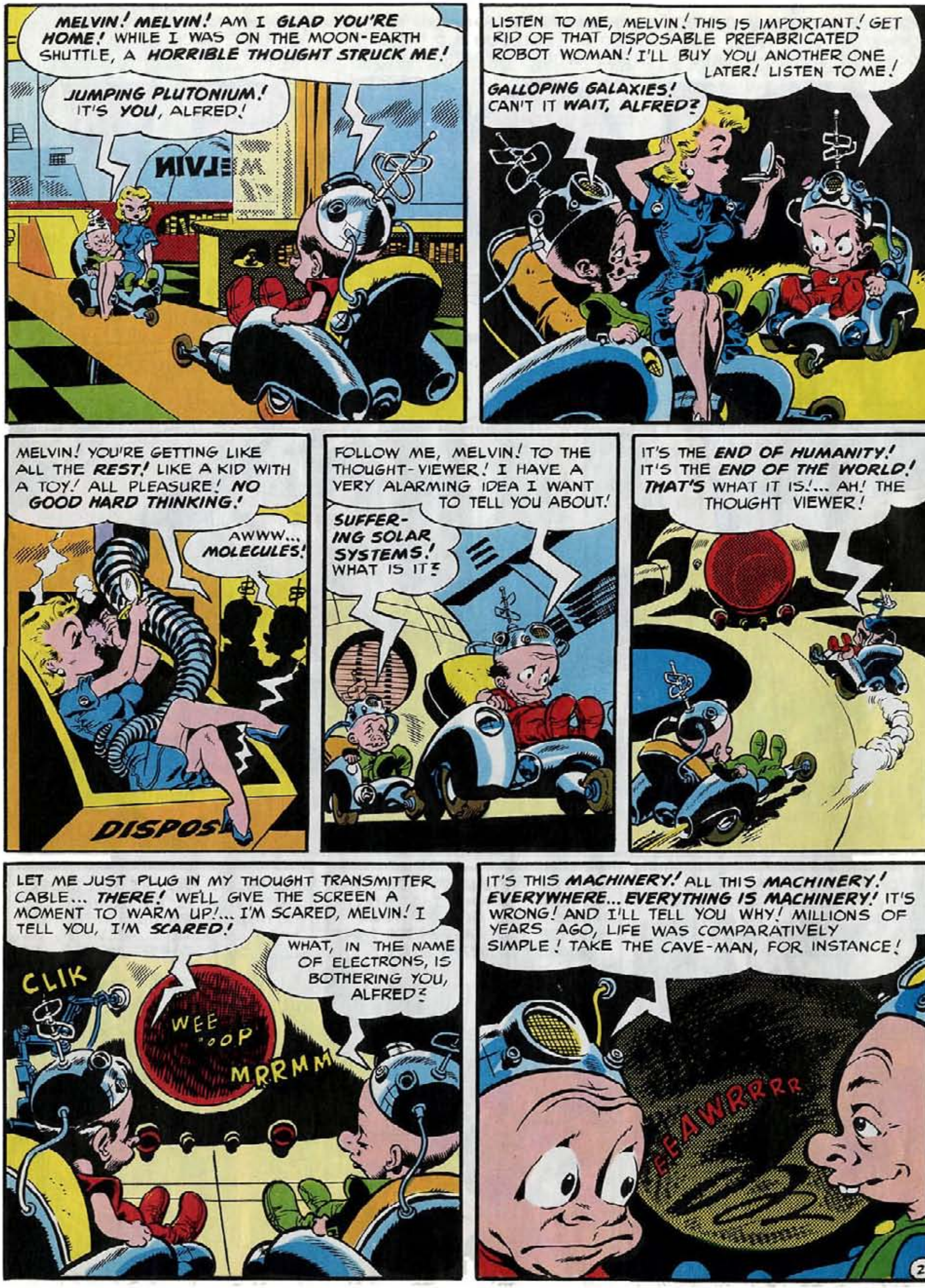

ALL RIGHT! WHOEVER IS IN THAT ROOM! COME ON OUT! WE HEAR YOU!
THE ROOM IS EMPTY! JUST A ROCKING CHAIR! THE ONLY EXIT OUT OF HERE IS THIS DOOR AND THAT TINY VENTILATOR, AND NOTHING HUMAN COULD FIT THROUGH THERE!
BUT SOMEONE... SOMETHING... WAS ROCKING THAT CHAIR! THE STORIES IN THE VILLAGE SAY HOW WHEN MAGOG BOGG WENT MAD, HE'D JUST SIT IN THE ROCKING CHAIR... AND ROCK AND ROCK!
THAT'S THE WAY HE DIED, THEY SAY! JUST ROCKING IN A SQUEEKY ROCKING CHAIR! AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW YOU CAN STILL HEAR THAT CHAIR IN THE NIGHT... ROCKING... EVER ROCKING... SQUEEK, SQUAWK, SQUEEK, SQUAWK!
AND THEM IN THE VILLAGE TELL HOW ON STORMY NIGHTS, YOU CAN HEAR THE BROTHERS, MAGOG CHASING GOG, SCREAMING THROUGH THE HOUSE... WITH AN AXE RUNNING THROUGH THE HOUSE, CLUMPITTY, CLUMPITTY, CLUMP...
EE HA-
CLUMPITY CLUMP CLUMP
EEEE
SCREAMING... RUNNING DOWN THE STEPS... CLUMPITTY CLUMP... COMING THROUGH THAT DOOR...
HEE HEE CUMPITY CLUMP

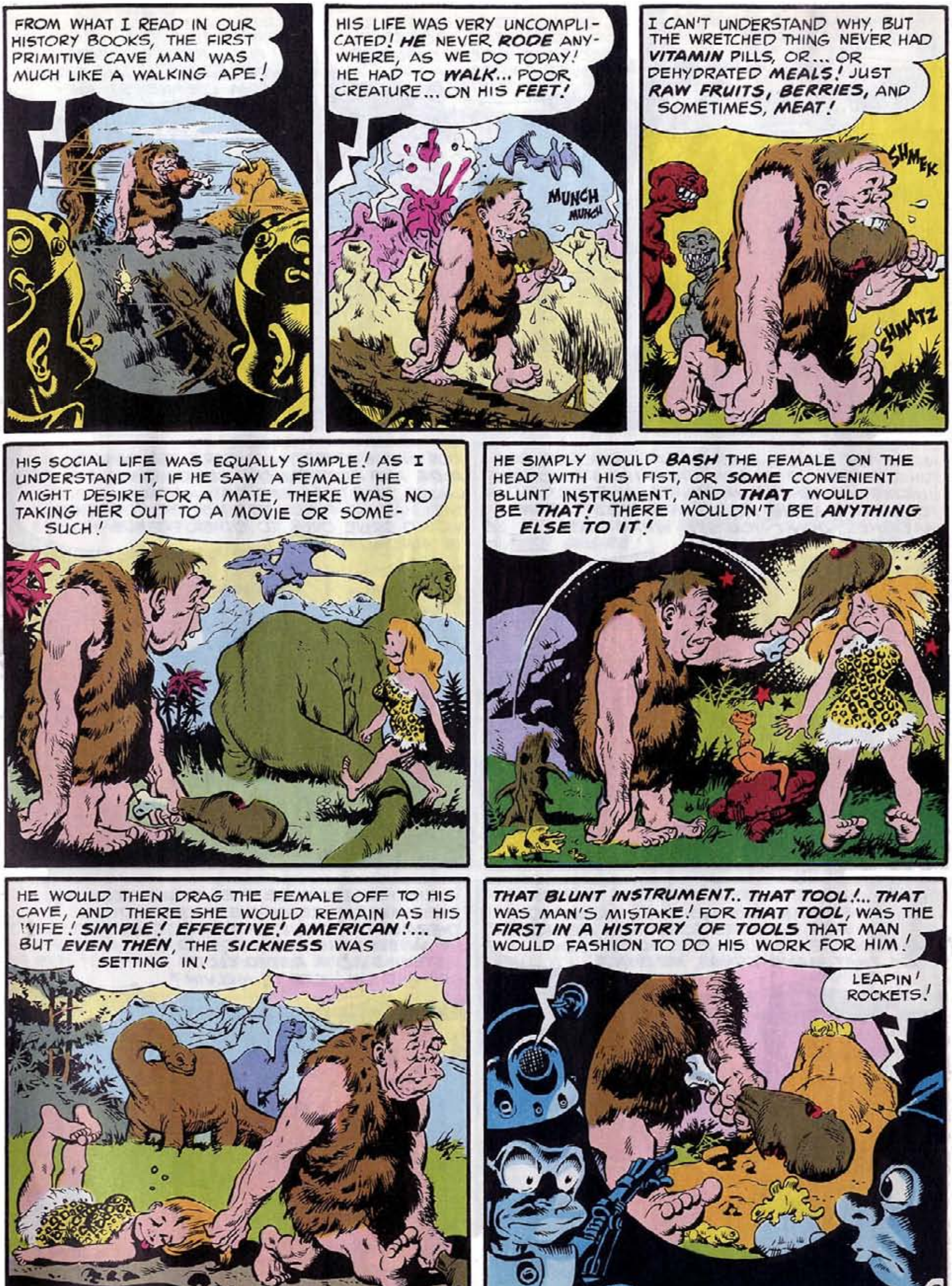

CLUMPITY CLUMP
THEY'VE STOPPED! I KNOW THEY'RE BEHIND THAT DOOR BUT THEY'VE STOPPED! GET UP OFF THE FLOOR, GALUSHA, AND PROTECT ME!
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, DAPHNE! THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT GOT ME, BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOW!
SUDDENLY I FEEL A DEADLY CALM SETTLING OVER ME! SUDDENLY I KNOW THAT NOW MY NERVES ARE STEEL!
...NOW I CAN TAKE ANYTHIN...
YIIIII!
EXCUSE ME!
TAP TAP
GET AWAY! GET AWAY FUM ME!
I'LL CALLA COPS!
I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU! I'M MELVIN, THE CARETAKER HERE!
CARETAKER! A HAUNTED HOUSE WITH A CARE-TAKER?
LISTEN, CARETAKER! YOU BETTER TAKE BETTER CARE OF THIS HOUSE! IT'S FULL OF GHOSTS!
GHOSTS? A BIG BOY LIKE YOU BELIEVES IN GHOSTS? RUBBISH! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS!
WE HEARD THEM! BEHIND THAT DOOR! OPEN IT UP! YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!
6

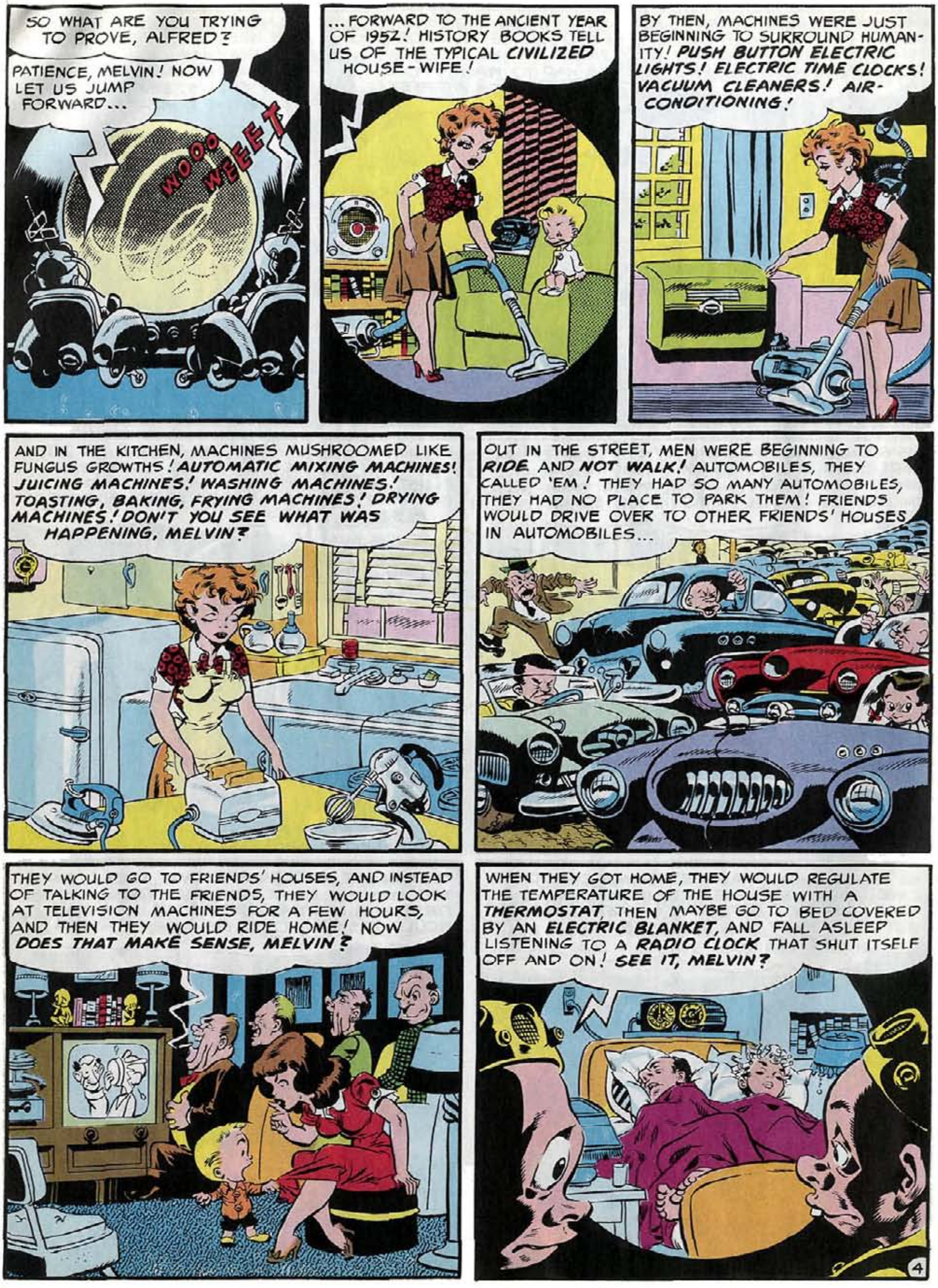

I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING SO ABSURD IN MY LIFE! TSK TSK! VERY WELL! I'LL OPEN THE DOOR!
SQUEEEEEEE
RUBBISH! THIS IS NO GHOST! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS! WILL YOU TAKE HOLD OF THAT ROBE, YOUNG LADY, AND YANK IT AWAY?
THAT'S THE TICKET! THERE!
THERE IS YOUR GHOST!
?
...TWO LITTLE CHILDREN!
THIS HAUNTED HOUSE IS OUR CLUB HOUSE! OUR CLUB IS THE SILVER AVENGERS AND YOU CAN'T JOIN!
YEAH! GET OUTTA OUR CLUB HOUSE OR WE'LL HAUNT YOU AND KILL YOU!
7


COME, SILVER AVENGERS! WE GO FOR NOW... OR MOM WILL WHALE THE HECK OUT OF US!
REMEMBER! ...GET OUT OF THIS CLUB HOUSE BY DAWN OR WE'LL COME BACK AND BLAST YOU!
CHILDREN! OH, MY! HOW RIDICULOUS WE HAVE ACTED, GALUSHA!
AWW! I KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! IT'S THIS DRIVING THROUGH THE RAIN! DRIVING! DRIVING! DRIVING! SETS A MAN ON EDGE!... WOT?
IT'S LIKE I SAID, YOUNG FELLER! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS! NOW I'VE GOT A CAN OF GASOLINE! YOU MAY HAVE IT!
OH, GALUSHA! IT'S STOPPED RAINING! IT WAS NICE OF THE LITTLE OLD MAN TO GIVE US THE GASOLINE!
YEP! HE'S WAVING TO US FROM THE DOORWAY! WAVE BACK!... WHAT AN EVENING THIS HAS BEEN!
IMAGINE! WE WERE SO WORRIED... AND THAT NICE LITTLE OLD MAN STAYS IN THAT BIG HOUSE ALL BY HIMSELF AND NEVER WORRIES ONE BIT!
I GUESS THERE REALLY AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HOW SILLY WE WERE! IMAGINE! THINKING THERE WERE GHOSTS WITH HEADS CHOPPED OFF!
HEH, HEH! THERE THEY GO! SWERVING MADLY DOWN THE ROAD!
GOOD-BYE, YOUNGSTERS! GOOD-BYE! AND REMEMBER...
...REMEMBER... THERE AREN'T ANY GHOSTS! HEH! HEH!
...AREN'T ANY GHOSTS AT ALL!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
8

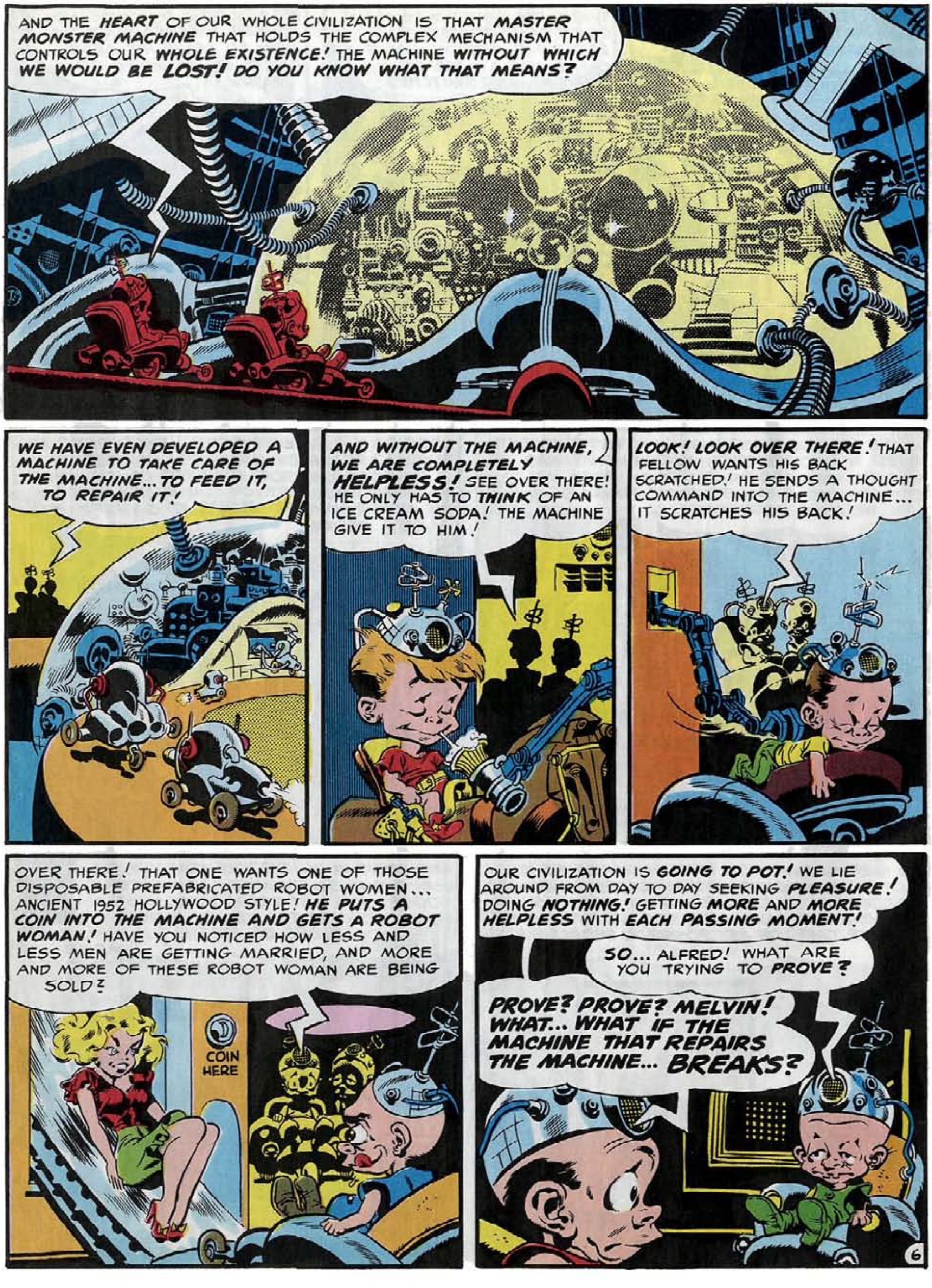

SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.! GO FORWARD! GO FORWARD INTO SPACE, FORWARD INTO TIME! GO FORWARD... 1952! 1962! 1982! GO! GO TO 1,000,000 A.D.! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! BACK UP A LITTLE! LOOK! THE EARTH! A MASS OF STEELY CITIES AND MEN! MEN? NO! NOT REALLY MEN! MORE LIKE ...
BLOBS!
SPEED! MORE SPEED! I'VE GOT TO SEE MELVIN!
WOOD
MELVIN, MY FRIEND! HE IS ONE OF THE FEW ACTIVE MINDS AROUND TODAY! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM MY HORRIBLE THOUGHT!
MELVIN, MY BUDDY! ONE OF THE RARE BRAINS THAT STILL THINKS! I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM OF THE CALAMITY THAT MIGHT OVERTAKE US!
CHUG
CHUG
MELVIN, MY PAL! HE WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT I AM THINKING! HE WILL SYMPATHIZE WITH ME! AAAH... THERE'S MELVIN'S SKYSCRAPER NOW!
1


MELVIN! MELVIN! AM I GLAD YOU'RE HOME! WHILE I WAS ON THE MOON-EARTH SHUTTLE, A HORRIBLE THOUGHT STRUCK ME!
JUMPING PLUTONIUM! IT'S YOU, ALFRED!
MELVIN
LISTEN TO ME, MELVIN! THIS IS IMPORTANT! GET RID OF THAT DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMAN! I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER ONE LATER! LISTEN TO ME!
GALLOPING GALAXIES! CAN'T IT WAIT, ALFRED?
MELVIN! YOU'RE GETTING LIKE ALL THE REST! LIKE A KID WITH A TOY! ALL PLEASURE! NO GOOD HARD THINKING!
AWWW... MOLECULES!
DISPOS
FOLLOW ME, MELVIN! TO THE THOUGHT-VIEWER! I HAVE A VERY ALARMING IDEA I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT!
SUFFERING SOLAR SYSTEMS! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S THE END OF HUMANITY! IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!... AH! THE THOUGHT VIEWER!
LET ME JUST PLUG IN MY THOUGHT TRANSMITTER CABLE... THERE! WE'LL GIVE THE SCREEN A MOMENT TO WARM UP!... I'M SCARED, MELVIN! I TELL YOU, I'M SCARED!
WHAT, IN THE NAME OF ELECTRONS, IS BOTHERING YOU, ALFRED?
CLIK
WEE OOP
MRRMM
IT'S THIS MACHINERY! ALL THIS MACHINERY! EVERYWHERE... EVERYTHING IS MACHINERY! IT'S WRONG! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY! MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, LIFE WAS COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE! TAKE THE CAVE-MAN, FOR INSTANCE!
EEAWRRRRR


FROM WHAT I READ IN OUR HISTORY BOOKS, THE FIRST PRIMITIVE CAVE MAN WAS MUCH LIKE A WALKING APE!
HIS LIFE WAS VERY UNCOMPLICATED! HE NEVER RODE ANYWHERE, AS WE DO TODAY! HE HAD TO WALK... POOR CREATURE... ON HIS FEET!
MUNCH
MUNCH
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT THE WRETCHED THING NEVER HAD VITAMIN PILLS, OR... OR DEHYDRATED MEALS! JUST RAW FRUITS, BERRIES, AND SOMETIMES, MEAT!
SHMEK
SHMATZ
HIS SOCIAL LIFE WAS EQUALLY SIMPLE! AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IF HE SAW A FEMALE HE MIGHT DESIRE FOR A MATE, THERE WAS NO TAKING HER OUT TO A MOVIE OR SOMESUCH!
HE SIMPLY WOULD BASH THE FEMALE ON THE HEAD WITH HIS FIST, OR SOME CONVENIENT BLUNT INSTRUMENT, AND THAT WOULD BE THAT! THERE WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE TO IT!
HE WOULD THEN DRAG THE FEMALE OFF TO HIS CAVE, AND THERE SHE WOULD REMAIN AS HIS WIFE! SIMPLE! EFFECTIVE! AMERICAN!... BUT EVEN THEN, THE SICKNESS WAS SETTING IN!
THAT BLUNT INSTRUMENT.. THAT TOOL!... THAT WAS MAN'S MISTAKE! FOR THAT TOOL, WAS THE FIRST IN A HISTORY OF TOOLS THAT MAN WOULD FASHION TO DO HIS WORK FOR HIM!
LEAPIN' ROCKETS!
3


SO WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE, ALFRED?
PATIENCE, MELVIN! NOW LET US JUMP FORWARD...
WOOO WEEET
...FORWARD TO THE ANCIENT YEAR OF 1952! HISTORY BOOKS TELL US OF THE TYPICAL CIVILIZED HOUSE-WIFE!
BY THEN, MACHINES WERE JUST BEGINNING TO SURROUND HUMANITY! PUSH BUTTON ELECTRIC LIGHTS! ELECTRIC TIME CLOCKS! VACUUM CLEANERS! AIR-CONDITIONING!
AND IN THE KITCHEN, MACHINES MUSHROOMED LIKE FUNGUS GROWTHS! AUTOMATIC MIXING MACHINES! JUICING MACHINES! WASHING MACHINES! TOASTING, BAKING, FRYING MACHINES! DRYING MACHINES! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING, MELVIN?
OUT IN THE STREET, MEN WERE BEGINNING TO RIDE AND NOT WALK! AUTOMOBILES, THEY CALLED 'EM! THEY HAD SO MANY AUTOMOBILES, THEY HAD NO PLACE TO PARK THEM! FRIENDS WOULD DRIVE OVER TO OTHER FRIENDS' HOUSES IN AUTOMOBILES...
THEY WOULD GO TO FRIENDS' HOUSES, AND INSTEAD OF TALKING TO THE FRIENDS, THEY WOULD LOOK AT TELEVISION MACHINES FOR A FEW HOURS, AND THEN THEY WOULD RIDE HOME! NOW DOES THAT MAKE SENSE, MELVIN?
WHEN THEY GOT HOME, THEY WOULD REGULATE THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HOUSE WITH A THERMOSTAT, THEN MAYBE GO TO BED COVERED BY AN ELECTRIC BLANKET, AND FALL ASLEEP LISTENING TO A RADIO CLOCK THAT SHUT ITSELF OFF AND ON! SEE IT, MELVIN?
4


DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING?
FRIZZELING PHOTONS!
BEEOORT
THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS IN THE CRUDE DAYS OF 1952! BY 2000 A.D., WORKING MAN'S OFFICE WAS A MASS OF BUTTONS AND SWITCHES!
BY 20,000 A.D., IT WAS NO LONGER NECESSARY FOR A MAN TO LEAVE HIS SEAT ONCE HE SAT DOWN TO WORK!
AND BY 100,000 A.D., WOMEN WERE PERMANENTLY FIXED IN A COMBINATION MACHINE THAT WAS KITCHEN, LIVING ROOM, BED ROOM, BATH, ENTERTAINMENT, ETC, ETC, ETC! FINALLY, WE COME TO TODAY!
1,000,000 A.D.! EVERYTHING... EVERYTHING IS TAKEN CARE OF BY MACHINES! WE REST ON A CUSHIONED, MOTOR-POWERED COUCH, WHILE MACHINES TAKE CARE OF OUR EVERY NEED! WE NEVER HAVE TO MOVE TO SATISFY ANY DESIRE!
WE HAVE MACHINES TO FEED US, MACHINES TO CLOTHE US, MACHINES TO AMUSE US, MACHINES TO COMFORT US! MACHINES TO CARRY US! MACHINES TO MARRY US! WE HAVE MACHINES TO TAKE CARE OF ANY POSSIBLE PROBLEM!
TAXI
AND LOOK AT US! THROUGH YEARS OF DISUSE, OUR MUSCLES HAVE SHRUNK, OUR BODIES HAVE WITHERED! WE'RE JUST A BUNDLE OF NERVES! WE ARE BLOBS, I TELL YOU! BLOBS OF FLESH!
JUMPING PLANETOIDS! TAKE IT EASY, ALFRED! YOUR RIGHT PINKY IS QUIVERING! YOU REALLY ARE EXCITED!
5


AND THE HEART OF OUR WHOLE CIVILIZATION IS THAT MASTER MONSTER MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE COMPLEX MECHANISM THAT CONTROLS OUR WHOLE EXISTENCE! THE MACHINE WITHOUT WHICH WE WOULD BE LOST! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
WE HAVE EVEN DEVELOPED A MACHINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE MACHINE... TO FEED IT, TO REPAIR IT!
AND WITHOUT THE MACHINE, WE ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS! SEE OVER THERE! HE ONLY HAS TO THINK OF AN ICE CREAM SODA! THE MACHINE GIVE IT TO HIM!
LOOK! LOOK OVER THERE! THAT FELLOW WANTS HIS BACK SCRATCHED! HE SENDS A THOUGHT COMMAND INTO THE MACHINE... IT SCRATCHES HIS BACK!
OVER THERE! THAT ONE WANTS ONE OF THOSE DISPOSABLE PREFABRICATED ROBOT WOMEN... ANCIENT 1952 HOLLYWOOD STYLE! HE PUTS A COIN INTO THE MACHINE AND GETS A ROBOT WOMAN! HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW LESS AND LESS MEN ARE GETTING MARRIED, AND MORE AND MORE OF THESE ROBOT WOMAN ARE BEING SOLD?
COIN HERE
OUR CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO POT! WE LIE AROUND FROM DAY TO DAY SEEKING PLEASURE! DOING NOTHING! GETTING MORE AND MORE HELPLESS WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT!
SO... ALFRED! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?
PROVE? PROVE? MELVIN! WHAT... WHAT IF THE MACHINE THAT REPAIRS THE MACHINE... BREAKS?


BREAKS? DON'T BE ABSURD, ALFRED! IT CAN NEVER BREAK!
L...LISTEN!
QUEEK
QUEEK
POKKITA
QUEEK
POKKITA
QUEEK
POKKITA
QUEEK
MMRRRM
MROOM
KOBONG!
KABANG!
KAPHUD
BDOOM
LEAPING URANIUM... EEEEEOOOP SQUONK! FZZZT...
7
YES, DEAR READER! THE MACHINE DID BREAK!



ENTER COSMO McMOON!

Captain Malfeasance O'Malley of the Bureau of Missing Persons was trying to console the unhappy and heart-broken couple who were sobbing holes through the hand-rolled, monogrammed Kleenex tissues he had received for Christmas! Poor Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were weeping over the loss of their only son, little Lemur Kayak.

O'Malley grabbed the rest of the Kleenex out of their tear-soaked hands and shoved it into a desk drawer. "This department has left *no stone unturned* in searching for your son. In fact, the mayor has ordered us to put the sidewalks back as they were!! But be of stout heart, for I have called the eminent Professor Cosmo McMoon—of Embraceable U.—in on this baffling case!

"The professor is accomplished in many fields. He's the man who put chlorophyl in Sen-Sen! He's explored the wildernesses of the human mind with gun and camera! He's been *in* so many minds, he's practically *out* of his own!! Have you read his latest tome, 'The Rest of Your Mind May Not Work . . . But Your Medulla Oblong Gotta!'? He is also the force behind the proposed 'Impeach Ben Franklin' movement. Unfortunately, Franklin was never president. He is the author of our new financial recovery program. He plans to send all Americans to Europe to live off Uncle Sam. A marvelous plan . . . it would reduce taxes tremendously!"

The door flew open! A distinguished man with a tuning-fork beard, clad in a midnight-blue dinner jacket, yellow Tunisian trousers, and open-toed, hob-nailed boots, stomped in!

"I received your urgent message on my tie-clasp radio, O'Malley, just as I was presenting my latest bill to the Senate page-boys! A bill to empty the Pacific into the Atlantic by means of a coast-to-coast bucket brigade. No more would our glorious West be threatened with

floods! But what of the missing cherub?"

Mrs. Kayak began the strange tale amid sobs and wails.

"Our dear little Lemur was a healthy, alert and normal boy until the day I brought home that box of table salt from the grocer's."

"What's so unusual about a box of salt?", asked Cosmo.

"Nothing! It was a famous brand. You've seen it! It comes in a round red box with a yellow top and a little tin spout for pouring."

"Yes, go on please!"

"Well, on the box, in a diamond shaped frame, is a picture of a Shaker lady with a brown bonnet on her head. The lady is smiling and in her hand she's holding another box of salt and on it is a picture of another Shaker lady holding another box of salt on which there is a picture of—"

"I know . . . a Shaker lady with a box of salt!!! They keep diminishing. Go on, please!"

"Well, our dear little Lemur just sat for hours on end and stared from one Shaker lady on to the next. He seemed fascinated! And then one day . . . (sob) . . . he . . . (sob) . . . disappeared! And just when I was about to change to a brand of salt with just *one* little girl with an umbrella on the package! That's life! When it rains . ... it pours!"

Cosmo McMoon stroked his beard thoughtfully. Captain O'Malley dried some wilted Kleenex by the heat of his desk lamp. The poor Kayaks just sobbed. Then the magnificent mind of McMoon came up with the solution!

"My dear friends! Your little boy has gone off into another dimension—and I am sure he's very happy there. Yes, he has gone into INFINITY . . . with the Shaker lady! The infinite is the unattainable limit of an unending process of construction. The extended objects of our ordinary perception do not occupy all the span of our field of vision. Objects last for a longer or shorter period, before which they were not experienced and after which they are no longer experienced. Lemur has gone into infinity . . . right down to the last salt box in the hands of the last unseen Shaker lady!"

Now Mr. and Mrs. Omar Kayak were very happy. They hurried right home to talk to their little box of salt!



Tiberius O'Leary—
Roman Counterspy!
Rome 106 B.C.

Senator Gaius Tobey assigned his best secret operative, Tiberius O'Leary, to crack down on gamblers who were fixing the spear-point spreads in the gladiator matches. The Romans had been shocked by the recent bribing of schoolboy athletes in the Colosseum!

Tiberius, working incognito, put on a zoot-toga and headed for a little poolroom just off the main drag, the Appian Way!

Inside the emporium, Marcus Sumatra, a dixieland lyre-player, crooned a tender refrain, "The Cry of the Wild Helvetian"! Tiberius quickly joined in a game of Roman Parchisi.

Amid cries of "You're faded, Brutus," "VII come XI," and "Baby needs a new pair of sandals," Tiberius raked in the chips! Suddenly, one of the heavy losers rapped Tiberius with a roll of denarii clenched in a closed fist. When Tiberius came to, the joint was raided by Chief Lucius Patton and the Forum Police, who put the bracchia on one and all!

Tiberius was thrown into solus confinement for 24 years and 8 months, despairing of ever fulfilling his secret mission. At this time, all men in Rome, between the ages of 18 and 25, received:

"Greetings from the Emperor! You are hereby ordered to report to local draft board MCXXV for a pre-induction physical!"

The Romans put Tiberius on their shoulders and marched with him to the Grand Central Forum. They sang rousing choruses of "When Graccus Comes Marching Home Again," "The Chariot-Wheel of Fortune," "Bell Bottom Togas," "This is the Pedites, Mr. Tiberius," and "I'm a Roman Doodle Dandy"!!

At the draft board, Tiberius was immediately classified 1-A and sent to Fort Dixiebus for basic training.

At the fort, he was given a glass of milk; some gefuelte fish, and then an R.I. (Roman Issue) haircut. Now he was ready to relieve a Vestal Virgin for active duty!

He entered the Chemical Corps at the out-break of the Second Punic War. He was assigned to a place called Oak Ridge to carry on his explosive experiments.

Then the Romans invaded the White Cliffs of Dover! They discovered that the white cliffs were made of chalk, so they brought home a galley-full! The Roman Board of Education was elated! Roman students could write on their slates at last!

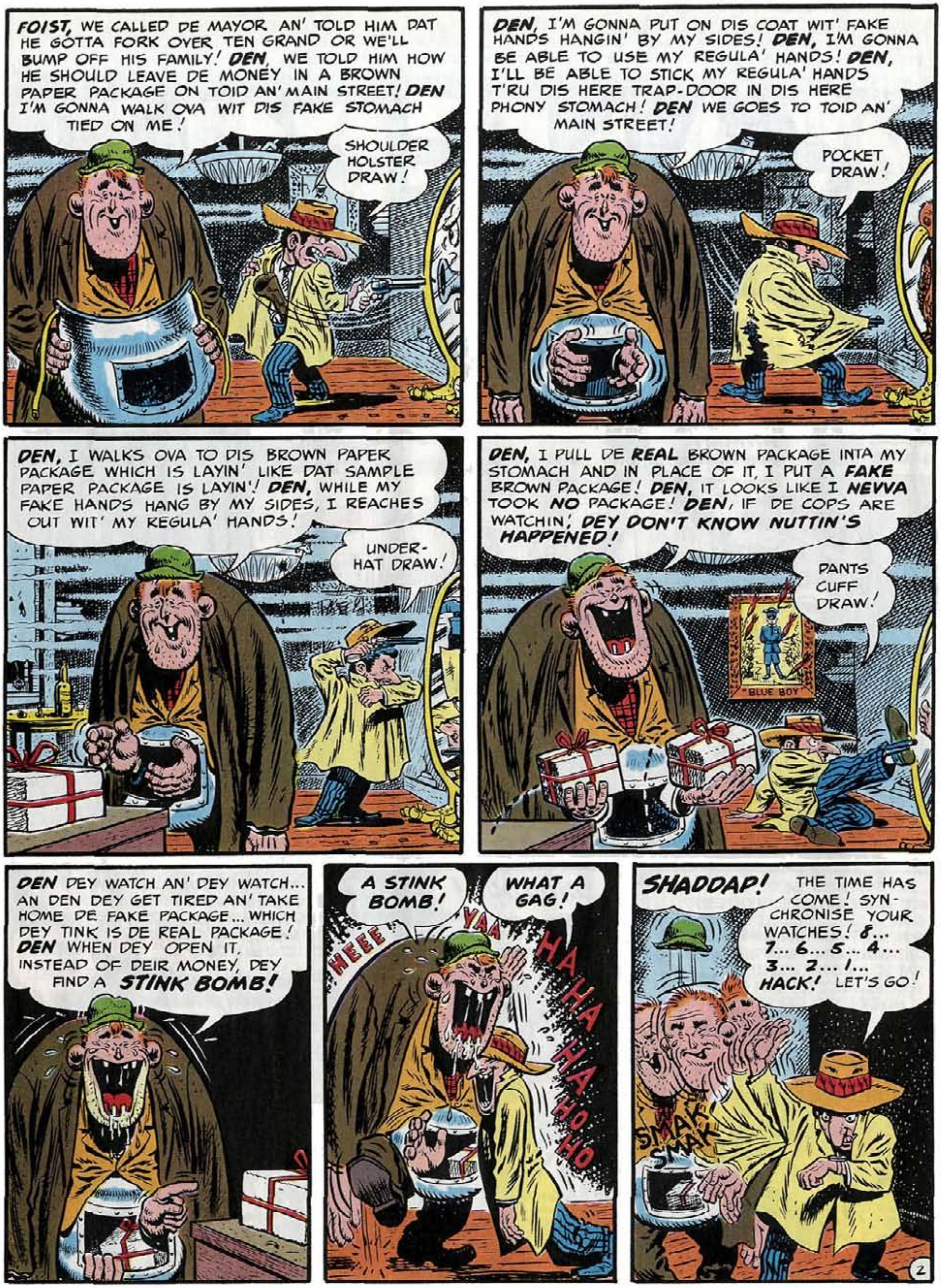
But the triumph of progress was short-lived! The kids were ruining their togas with chalk-dust. Tailors and cleaners were living off the fad of the land!!

Tiberius retired to his lab, and after 32 years of research, came out with an implement to clean slates. It was called . . . "Eradico Scribendi"!

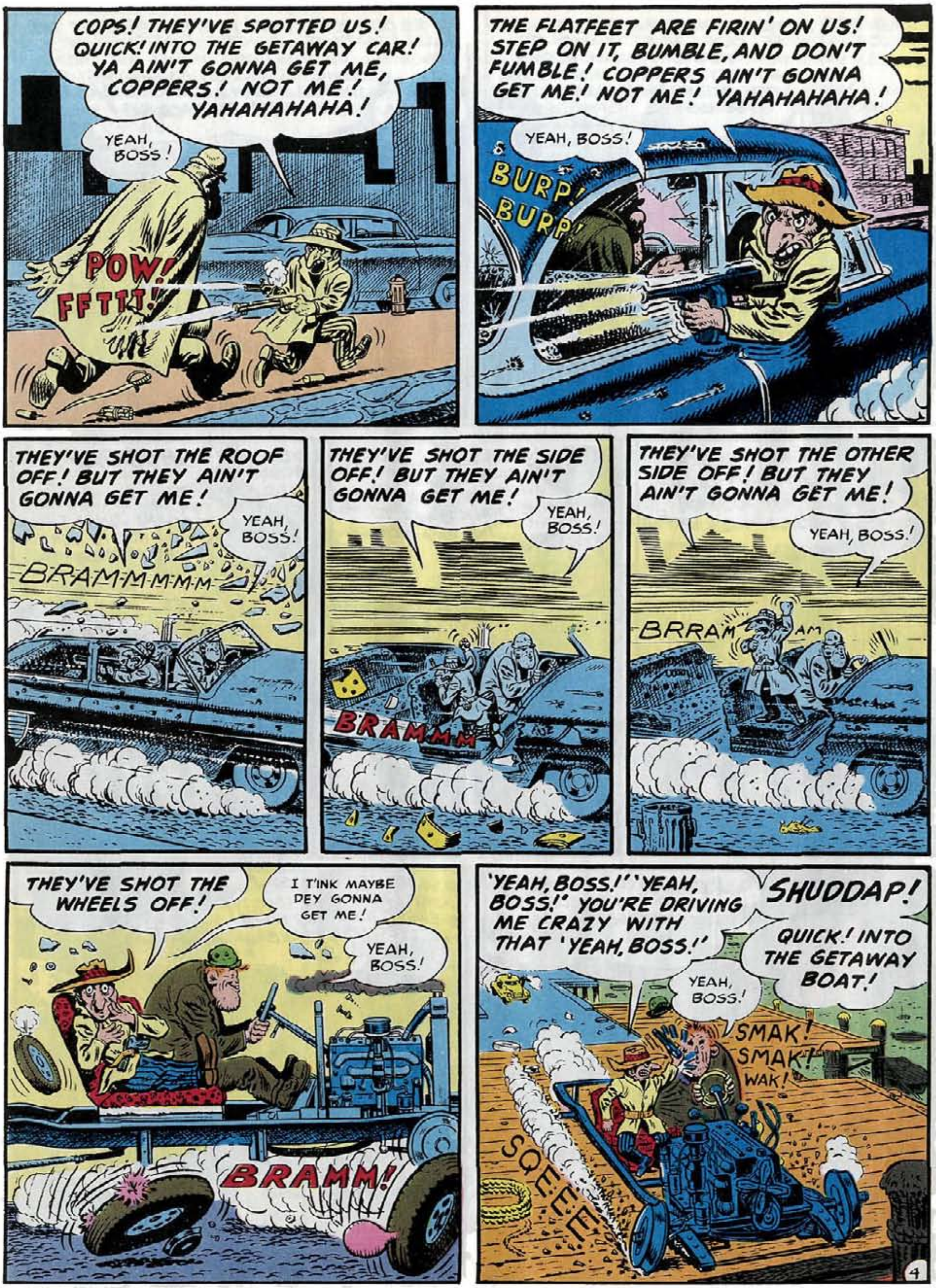
But, as he emerged from his sanctuary with his wonderful discovery, Rome fell!!

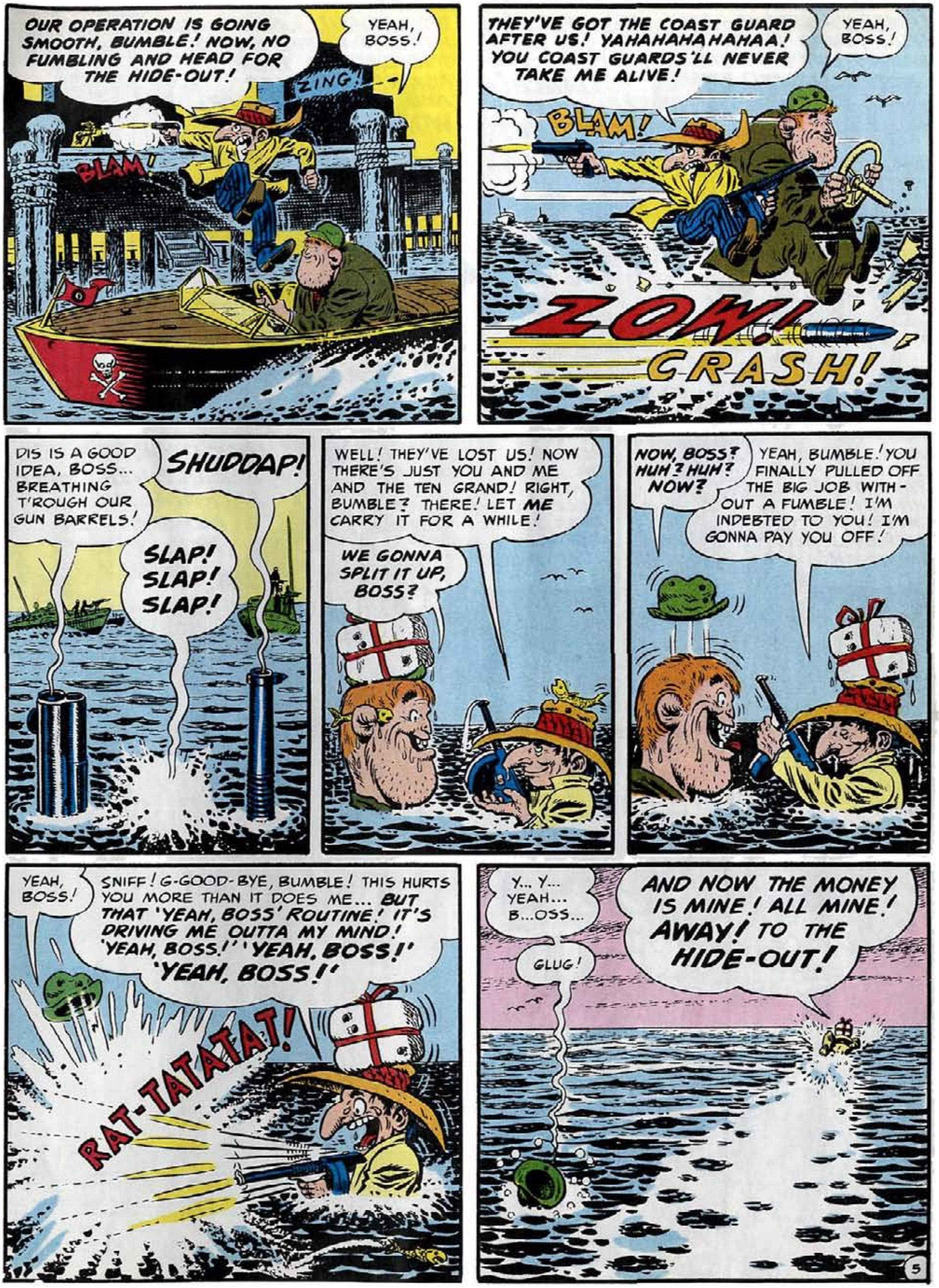
And that's how *ERASERS* were born!


CRIME DEPT.! COME AWAY FROM YOUR FRESH PAINT HOMES ON TREE-LINED STREETS!... AWAY FROM YOUR CLEAN LINEN, YOUR GRADE-A MILK! COME TO THE GARBAGE-CANNED, BROKEN WINDOWED LAND OF THE UNDERWORLD! COME TO THE HOME OF THE GANGSTERS, GORILLAS, AND...
GANEFS!
B. ELDER
BUMBLE! EVERY TIME WE PULL A JOB, YOU FUMBLE! THIS TIME, WE'RE GONNA PULL THIS BIG JOB WITHOUT FUMBLING!
YEAH, BOSS!
... EVERYTHING SET?... HUH? ARTILLERY OILED?... BULLETS SHINED UP?... SHOULDER HOLSTERS POLISHED AND DUBBINED?... GETAWAY CAR FIXED UP WITH FALSE LICENSE PLATES? HUH, BUMBLE?... HUH? HUH?
YEAH, BOSS!
SHUDDUP!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
SLAP
CRAK
FLAP FLAP
ALL RIGHT, BUMBLE! NOW LET'S GO THROUGH THIS THING ONCE MORE! HOW ARE WE GOING TO PULL THIS JOB?
YEAH, BOSS!
1


FOIST, WE CALLED DE MAYOR AN' TOLD HIM DAT HE GOTTA FORK OVER TEN GRAND OR WE'LL BUMP OFF HIS FAMILY! DEN, WE TOLD HIM HOW HE SHOULD LEAVE DE MONEY IN A BROWN PAPER PACKAGE ON TOID AN' MAIN STREET! DEN I'M GONNA WALK OVA WIT DIS FAKE STOMACH TIED ON ME!
SHOULDER HOLSTER DRAW!
DEN, I'M GONNA PUT ON DIS COAT WIT' FAKE HANDS HANGIN' BY MY SIDES! DEN, I'M GONNA BE ABLE TO USE MY REGULA' HANDS! DEN, I'LL BE ABLE TO STICK MY REGULA' HANDS T'RU DIS HERE TRAP-DOOR IN DIS HERE PHONY STOMACH! DEN WE GOES TO TOID AN' MAIN STREET!
POCKET DRAW!
DEN, I WALKS OVA TO DIS BROWN PAPER PACKAGE WHICH IS LAYIN' LIKE DAT SAMPLE PAPER PACKAGE IS LAYIN'! DEN, WHILE MY FAKE HANDS HANG BY MY SIDES, I REACHES OUT WIT' MY REGULA' HANDS!
UNDER-HAT DRAW!
DEN, I PULL DE REAL BROWN PACKAGE INTA MY STOMACH AND IN PLACE OF IT, I PUT A FAKE BROWN PACKAGE! DEN, IT LOOKS LIKE I NEVVA TOOK NO PACKAGE! DEN, IF DE COPS ARE WATCHIN', DEY DON'T KNOW NUTTIN'S HAPPENED!
PANTS CUFF DRAW!
BLUE BOY
DEN DEY WATCH AN' DEY WATCH... AN DEN DEY GET TIRED AN' TAKE HOME DE FAKE PACKAGE... WHICH DEY TINK IS DE REAL PACKAGE! DEN WHEN DEY OPEN IT, INSTEAD OF DEIR MONEY, DEY FIND A STINK BOMB!
A STINK BOMB!
WHAT A GAG!
HEEE
YAA
HA HA HA HA HO HO
SHADDAP!
THE TIME HAS COME! SYN-CHRONISE YOUR WATCHES! 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... HACK! LET'S GO!
SMAK
SMAK


REMEMBER, BUMBLE, YOU DUMBLE! NO FUMBLING THIS JOB! NOW WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! THAT'S IT! WALK NORMAL! NOW NOBODY NOTICES US SINCE WE LOOK LIKE NORMAL HUMAN BEINGS!
YEAH, BOSS!
WE'RE COMING CLOSE! FLATTEN AGAINST THE WALL! THAT'S IT! IF WE'RE FLATTENED UP LIKE THIS... PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE US! THEY THINK WE'RE JUST AN ORDINARY FLAT WALL!... HAH! LOOK! THERE IT IS! THE PACKAGE!
YEAH, BOSS!
WALK NATURAL! ACT UNCON-CERNED! NOT TOO FAST! LA... LOO... LA
WEE WEE
LA... LEE... LA... LOO! TAKE IT EASY! TAKE IT EASY! WALK O-VER TO THE PA-A-ACKAGE
TWEE TWEE
YEAH, BOSS!
SHUDDAP!
LALEE LOO! HOW MANY TIMES I TOLD YOU NOT TO MENTION MY-HI NAME! LA... LOO!
SLAP! SLAP!
TWEE TWEE
LEE... LI... LO! DON'T FUMBLE! DO-O-O-N'T FUM-BLE! GET THE PACKAGE! LA-LEE... LI LO!
LI... LEE... LO! CLUM-SY I-DIOT! NOW TAKE IT E-EASY! NICE AND SLOW! LA..LEE... LOO! TAKE IT EA...
TWEE
FWEEE!


COPS! THEY'VE SPOTTED US! QUICK! INTO THE GETAWAY CAR! YA AIN'T GONNA GET ME, COPPERS! NOT ME! YAHAHAHAHA!
YEAH, BOSS!
POW!
FFTTT!
THE FLATFEET ARE FIRIN' ON US! STEP ON IT, BUMBLE, AND DON'T FUMBLE! COPPERS AIN'T GONNA GET ME! NOT ME! YAHAHAHAHA!
YEAH, BOSS!
BURP! BURP!
THEY'VE SHOT THE ROOF OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRAM-M-M-M-M
THEY'VE SHOT THE SIDE OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRAMMM
THEY'VE SHOT THE OTHER SIDE OFF! BUT THEY AIN'T GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRRAM AM
THEY'VE SHOT THE WHEELS OFF!
I T'INK MAYBE DEY GONNA GET ME!
YEAH, BOSS!
BRAMM!
'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!' YOU'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH THAT 'YEAH, BOSS!'
SHUDDAP!
QUICK! INTO THE GETAWAY BOAT!
YEAH, BOSS!
SMAK! SMAK! WAK!
SQEEE!
4



OUR OPERATION IS GOING SMOOTH, BUMBLE! NOW, NO FUMBLING AND HEAD FOR THE HIDE-OUT!
YEAH, BOSS!
ZING
BLAM!
THEY'VE GOT THE COAST GUARD AFTER US! YAHAHAHAHAHAA! YOU COAST GUARDS'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!
YEAH, BOSS!
BLAM!
ZOW!
CRASH!
DIS IS A GOOD IDEA, BOSS... BREATHING T'ROUGH OUR GUN BARRELS!
SHUDDAP!
SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!
WELL! THEY'VE LOST US! NOW THERE'S JUST YOU AND ME AND THE TEN GRAND! RIGHT, BUMBLE? THERE! LET ME CARRY IT FOR A WHILE!
WE GONNA SPLIT IT UP, BOSS?
NOW, BOSS? HUH? HUH? NOW?
YEAH, BUMBLE! YOU FINALLY PULLED OFF THE BIG JOB WITH-OUT A FUMBLE! I'M INDEBTED TO YOU! I'M GONNA PAY YOU OFF!
YEAH, BOSS!
SNIFF! G-GOOD-BYE, BUMBLE! THIS HURTS YOU MORE THAN IT DOES ME... BUT THAT 'YEAH, BOSS' ROUTINE! IT'S DRIVING ME OUTTA MY MIND! 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!' 'YEAH, BOSS!'
RAT-TATATAT!
Y... Y... YEAH... B...OSS...
GLUG!
AND NOW THE MONEY IS MINE! ALL MINE! AWAY! TO THE HIDE-OUT!
5



A FOUL STENCH OF A CELLULOID STINK BOMB RISES INTO THE CLEAR OCEAN AIR! FOR, YOU SEE . **BUMBLE... FUMBLED!**


WESTERN DEPT.: GIMME A DRINK, JOE, AN' LET ME TELL YOU A STORY 'BOUT THE ROOTINEST, TOOTINEST, STRAIGHTEST SHOOTINEST COWPOKE EVER TO RIDE THE PECOS TRAIL! YOU SEE... WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY... AN' WHAT HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO WUZ... TO KILL A...
VARMINT!
J. SEVERIN
YAHOO!
PLINK!
PLONKAPLINK!
KLINK!
PLONK!
PLONK!
KLUNK!
WHO DEALT THIS MESS?
SWE-DADA LINE
KLINK!
KLINK!
HAW HAW!
HONK!
PLINKAPLINK!
YA HOO!
PLINK! PLINK!
BLAM!
MYAD-- DALINE!
KLINK!
WHOHA?
YIIIIHA!
POW!
PLINK PLINK!
BLONGABLONG
PLINK!
1


PLAN
PLINK!
PLINK!
PLINK
PLINK!
SWISH!
KLINK!
KLINK!
KLINK!
KLINK!
BEG PARDON, GENTS!
BARTENDER! LEMME HAVE A GLASS OF...
...MILK!
TEX! TEXTRON QUICKDRAW! YOU'VE COME BACK TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH... TO DO SUMTHIN'! AN' WHEN YOU MAKES UP YOUR MIND TO DO SUMTHIN', YOU DON'T CHANGE EASY! ONE Y'AR AGO, YORE BUDDY, MELVIN, WAS SHOT IN THE BACK BY SOME UNKNOWN VARMINT!
YEP, SADDLE-SORE!
ONE Y'AR AGO, YOU SET OUT ON THE PECOS TRAIL TO HUNT DOWN THAT VARMINT... AN' WHEN YOU MAKES UP YER MIND TO DO SUMTHIN', YOU DON'T CHANGE EASY! ONE Y'AR AGO YOU STRAPPED ON YER GUNS AND VOWED NOT TO TAKE 'EM OFF TILL YOU GOT THAT VARMINT! 'P-PEARS LIKE Y-YOU STILL G-GOT YORE GUNS S-S-STRAPPED ON!
YEP, SADDLE-SORE!
2


I BEEN RIDIN'... FER THE PAST Y'AR SADDLE-SORE! 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! AN' I GOT MUH GUNS STRAPPED ON 'CAUSE WHEN I FIND THE VARMINT THAT SHOT MUH BUDDY, AH'M GONNA GIVE 'IM THE SAME CHANCET HE GAVE MELVIN!
I BEEN RIDIN'...'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! I DUG THE BULLET OUTTA MELVIN! A .48 SLUG WITH A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN RIDIN' CROSS'T THE PECOS TRAIL FOLLOWING THE GUN THAT THAT THERE BULLET CUM F'UM! AN' THE TRAIL BRUNG ME BACK H'AR! H'AR TO YUCCA-PUCCA GULCH!
I BEEN RIDIN'...'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY! RIDIN' TILL I'M SADDLE-SORE, SADDLE-SORE! I BEEN FOLLOWING A .48 REVOLVER THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! I BEEN FOLLOWING IT HERE TO THE MAN WHO OWNS IT! A MAN BY THE NAME OF KICKIMINABELLY KELLY!
GULP!
HOWDY, STRANGER!
REWARD
GAY
BILL NESS
I'M... KICKIMINA-BELLY... KELLY!
KICKIMINA-BELLY KELLY!
HOO HAH!
THE FASTEST DRAW WEST OF LAREDO!
TEX DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
HE WUZ A NICE FELLER!
DUST OFF A PLOT ON BOOT-HILL BOYS, 'CAUSE I'M REACHIN' FOR MY GU...
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLUDABL-BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
...N!
3



DID YOU SEE WHAT HE DONE DID?
IN THE TIME IT TOOK KICKIM-INABELLY TO DRAW, TEX PUT DOWN HIS GLASS O' MILK, DREW HIS GUNS, FIRED, HOLSTERED HIS GUNS AND PICKED UP HIS MILK!
YUH GOT ME, STRANGER!
B-BUT I -- I DIDN'T DO IT! I DIDN'T KILL M-MELVIN! IT'S TRUE I OWNED THAT .48 REVOLVER THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH... BUT I DONE LOST IT IN A FARO GAME! I DONE LOST IT TO... TO...
LI-DE-DI-DOE... DEE-DEE-DI...
TO... TO... TO... SLIPPERY S-SAM, THE GAMBLIN' M-MAN!
...UGH!
....!
SLIPPERY SAM, THE GAMBLIN' MAN, EH?
HUM-TE-TYUM! LA-LA-LOO... LEE-LA-LO
HOLD ON, STRANJUH!
YOU LOOKS SLIPPERY, AN' YOU LOOKS SAM, AN' YOU LOOKS LIKE A GAMBLIN' MAN!
...I BEEN RIDIN' 'CAUSE WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND...
NOW LOOKY HERE, BOY!... TELL YOU WHAT I'M GONNA DEW! I DIDN'T KILL NO MELVIN, BOY! WHUT THE HECK I WANNA KILL MELVIN FOR?...
BLAM! BLAM! KA-BLAM! BLAOW! BLAM! BLAM! KA-BLA
4


YUH GOT ME, STRANGER!
THAT TINY LITTLE DERRINGER PISTOL YOU HAD HIDDEN UNDER YOUR FINGER NAIL DIDN'T FOOL ME ONE BIT! LIKE I SAID... WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY!
LOOKY H'AR, TEX! IN SLIPPERY SAM, THE GAMBLIN' MAN'S POCKET! A BILL O' SALE! IT SAYS SLIPPERY SAM SOLD THAT .48 REVOLVER THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH TO THE P-PIG-FACED KID!
WAL... GO TELL THE PIG-FACED KID I BE A-WAITIN' HERE FER HIM AT SUN-UP!
SUN-UP! I HEAR THE CLINKIN' OF A SET O' SPURS COMIN' UP THE SILENT STREET! THE PIG-FACED KID... MEANEST KILLER IN THE WEST, IS A-COMIN'!
KLINK! KLINK! KLINK!
SUN-UP! I SEES THE HAT OF A TALL HOMBRE, OVER THE SWINGIN' DOORS! THE PIG-FACED KID... THE TERROR OF ABILENE AN' ALL POINTS NORTH OF THE RIO... IS A-COMIN'!
SUN-UP! AN' WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY, I THINK... EVEN THOUGH I'M FACE TO FACE WITH THE PIG-FACED KID!
5


KPOW! KPOW! KPOW!
BLABAM!
BLABAMBAM
RATTATTATAT!
POW!
ACK! POW
POW! ALK!
POW! RAT-A-TATTA-TAT!
BOING! POW! BW!
WHOMP! POW!
EEEE WHOMP! BLAM! BLAM!
KAWHOMP!
ZOOOO BAM!
WOW! WO HOPPEN?
THE PIG-FACED KID IS IN THERE WITH TEX AN' AFORE THIS HYAR'S OVER, ONE MAN'S A-GOIN' TO BE ALIVE, AN T'OTHER'S GOIN' TO BE DAID!
SOMEONE'S COMING OUT!
IT'S THE PIG-FACED KID!
THE PIG-FACED KID'S ALIVE AND TEX IS DAID!
NO, NO!
TEX IS ALIVE AND THE PIG-FACED KID IS DAID!
NO! NO!
SHUCKS! WE'RE ALL MIXED UP!
KLUNK!
TEX! TEX, MUH BOY! YOU'RE ALIVE! HALLELUJAH! YOU ARE ALIVE! COME TO YORE OL' PAL, SADDLE-SORE, BOY!
CAIN'T UNDERSTAN' IT, SADDLE-SORE! I DIDN'T SEE NO. 48 PISTOL THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH ON THE PIG-FACED... ON... THE...PIG-FACED...
KLUNK!
A .48 PISTOL THAT MAKES A TWISTY SCRATCH! ... SADDLE-SORE! I KNOWN YOU LIKE A PAPPY! YEW DONE RAISED ME F'UM A COLT AN' TEACHED ME HOW TUH SHOOT AN' RIDE! BUT WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN' I DON'T CHANGE EASY! GOT ANY PRAYERS TO SAY, OL' MAN?
NO-NO, TEX, BOY!
CLICK! CLICK!


DON'T DO IT, BOY! I WUZN'T THE VARMINT WHO KILLED MELVIN! BUT I DO KNOW WHO THE VARMINT WUZ! ALL THESE Y'ARS, WHILE YOU BEEN RIDIN', RIDIN', RIDIN', I BEEN A-KEEPIN' THE SECRET IN MUH OLD LEATHERY HEART! AN' NOW, (SNIFF) ... NOW I'M A-GONNA HAFTA TELL ALL (SNIFF)!
I WUZ THAR, THE NIGHT MELVIN WUZ KILLED! I WUZ THAR WHEN THIS VARMINT CAME WALKIN' OUT OF THE NIGHT... IN HIS LONG JOHNS, CARRYIN' A .48 THAT MADE A TWISTY SCRATCH! YUH SEE, THIS VARMINT WUZ WALKING IN HIS SLEEP! AN' WHEN HE SHOT MELVIN, HE NEVER DONE KNOWED WHAT HE DONE DONE 'CAUSE HE DONE WUZ ASLEEP ALL THE TIME!
AND THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT... THE NAME OF THAT VARMINT WUZ PSSST SST SST PSST SSST!
WAAL... LIKE I SAID! WHEN I MAKES UP MUH MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', I DON'T CHANGE EASY!
CLICKETY! CLICK! CLICKETY! CLICK!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
WHO WAS IT? WHO WAS THE VARMINT THAT KILLED MELVIN? WHO DID TEX JUST SHOOT? TELL US! WE'RE DYIN'!
LOOK, FELLAS! THE SMOKE'S LIFTIN'! THAR'S A BODY ON THE FLOOR! IT'S... IT'S...
PLINKA PLUNK! PLINK! PLINK! PLINK
YEP... THAT'S WHO IT WUZ WHO KILLED MELVIN! IT WUZ TEX HISSELF! AN WHEN HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO DO SOMETHIN', HE DIDN'T CHANGE EASY!
GIMME A DRINK, JOE!
WHOO
POW
REWARD

Super

POWERFUL!

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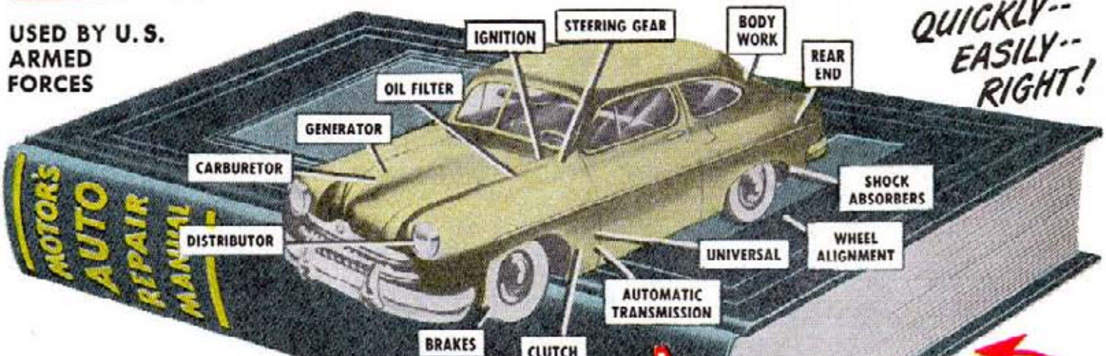


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I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!
Which of these 2 ME'S is YOU ?
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Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK
NOW
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Roger Hirsch before
NO! friend you don't have to be SKINNY any more just mail NOW the FREE coupon below as I did. Soon YOU can add 6½ inches to your CHEST 3 inches to each ARM and the rest in proportion just as I did.
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Come on, PAL, NOW YOU GIVE ME 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.
says George F. Jowett World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN
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as YOU can be soon!
NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.
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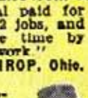
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